

2009

# Yellow Rose

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## Recommended Citation

Leidner, Mark. "Yellow Rose." *The Iowa Review* 39.1 (2009): 157-159. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6678>

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## *Yellow Rose*

When it snows I get a boner.  
Whenever those tornadoes on the news  
lay those colonies of mobile  
homes to waste  
I get a boner. Drought. Fruit wizens.  
Bushes shrivel. Lawns  
brown.  
Boner. Wherever I encounter  
the presence or the absence of a woman  
or apprehend the field and silhouette  
of her smell, when one pronounces  
*apricot*  
or *foliage*, or *cream*, or *barge*,  
or if I dream one does  
a boner's got. If lightning sizzles in the clouds  
above the steeple of  
a Catholic cathedral  
and the thunderclap batters the bells...  
Sitting  
on the bus, overhearing garbled rap  
pump out of a  
white dude's iPod  
and being able to recognize the rapper  
by the beat alone,  
or not at all,  
but getting a boner. The way the sun came through  
the window prismaticized  
by smears of grease, bonfiring  
the winter afternoon—  
shook the memory of snot like glue  
on an otherwise beautiful  
woman's lip  
loose—how old

are you?  
When will anything change,  
if ever?  
And at what age  
do normal men mature?  
I wonder this and get a boner...  
yet there are still some things  
that do not give me a boner:  
the level of tranquility  
a Jeep of body bags achieves  
jostling off along a twisting gravel  
path,  
bound for home, the bracing red and white  
of flags, crisply creased,  
handed over.  
Faces ceasing to exist  
the moment they come into being  
while a bomb is blowing up  
their neighborhood, people being  
shot like dogs  
like they're nothing, nothing slumping  
on the ground, nothing blood  
is just a pool around. War  
in general, and in particular  
the current one.  
I am against the current war the most  
because while it unfolds, I live  
and love,  
I suppose. But who could possibly care  
what I have to say about this war?  
I could say anything here,  
it wouldn't matter. I could say,  
"I am Motortrend Car of the Year."  
Or,  
"You are the yellow rose

corkscrewing out of the slippery rocks  
that gird the river of black water.”  
“I have seen a thousand moons  
wax and wane to completion  
since we last touched.”